

After Practice

by Whalefox

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Summary: So this was based on a headcanon that Sugawara was a power bottom in the Daisuga ship. And this story kind of just popped into my head. So I wrote it done for all adult Daisuga fans to enjoy. I hope it's as enjoyable to you to read as it was for me to write.

After Practice

****Disclaimer: Haikyuu! is owned by Furudate Haruichi****

A.N.: Sorry about the Haikyuu! spam, but I read a headcanon about power bottom Suga, and this whole thing came to my mind and I just got around to writing it. It was way too much fun to write. I mean I was chuckling throughout the whole thing. Well, whether or not you find it funny, hot, or anything else, I hope you enjoy. Also I fixed all the errors I could find. Let me know if you see anymore for me to fix.

After Practice

"Okay guys, lets clean up," Daichi announced to the rest of his team.

"Osu!" They all ran off to grab mops, the nets and anything else they needed to get the gym cleaned up and to get on home. Daichi noticed Suga pushing one of the ball carts so he decided he'd grab the other one. He walked on over to the other ball cart and started to push it back into the storage room.

Suga looked over at Daichi. "Hey after this, I need to talk to you in our club room, okay?"

"Sure." Daichi wasn't sure but he thought he saw a slight blush on Suga's cheeks. Did he have a crush on someone? Suga had been awfully

quiet during class and practice today. That must be way.

Once they had finished cleaning up and everyone started to head out, Daichi looked over at everyone. Suga was already gone. He must be really nervous about this.

Daichi was outside of the club activity room. He was nervous. What could be so embarrassing for Suga to ask him about? He never usually got anxious over anything unless it involved one of his teammates having an issue. Seriously, what could it be?

"Well, only one way to find out." Daichi opened up the door to the activities room. He regretted it instantly.

* * *

><p>Suga grabbed Daichi's collar and slammed him against the door, causing it to slam shut. Daichi had no idea why Suga was so pissed at him. And then Suga kissed him. Hard. After about thirty seconds, which felt like a terrifying lifetime to Daichi, Suga let go.<p>

"Sorry, Daichi. I just had to do that." Suga was looking down and away from Daichi, his face crimson with embarrassment.

"Suga," Daichi looked at his vice captain, eyes wide in shock at what just happened, "What the hell was that?"

"No...nothing. Sorry, forget I did anything, Daichi. Please." Suga went to walk past Daichi, before Daichi grabbed his arm and pulled him in front of him.

"Tell me what that was, Suga, or else."

Suga always forgot how intimidating Daichi could be when he was angry. It made him want to push him down and kiss him until he couldn't breath and then... no. Suga shook his head. Daichi liked girls. He had dated Kiyoko freshmen year and had a crush on Michimiya-san. He had known this and despite this, he had let himself get selfish. He shook his head again. Daichi's grip tightened.

"Tell me what the hell that was Suga!?"

"Nothing! I was being stupid!" Suga couldn't look him in the face. Why couldn't he just let him go.

"Do you like me!?"

Suga continued looking away.

"Answer me, Suga!"

Suga kept his mouth closed and eyes averted. Maybe if he was quiet Daichi would just go home and forget that this happened.

"Answer me, dammit!"

Suga couldn't help himself. He loved it when Daichi got angry too much for his own good. He slammed Daichi up against the wall and slammed his lips against Daichi's. He couldn't help himself. He had

wanted this for too long.

Daichi couldn't believe this. One kiss, maybe that was just sexual tension Suga thought was there. Two, on the other hand, Suga liked him. But he knew Suga had dated girls before and even went all the way with two or three of them. How could he be doing this to him?

Suga pulled away panting. "Sorry, I'll go home now."

Daichi grabbed Suga's jacket. It was his turn now. He slammed Suga up against the wall. "Tell me what the fuck you are doing or I'll beat it out of you!" He was done with Suga avoiding his question and acting as though he could just get out of it by ignoring him by kissing. He was getting the answer out of him one way or another. He didn't care how at this point anymore.

Suga remained quiet.

Daichi pulled him off the wall just to slam him back up against it. "Tell me now Suga! What the fuck are you doing?"

"I figured it would be obvious." Suga glanced up at Daichi with a smug grin. "Obviously, I gave you too much credit."

The next push against the wall was more due to the fact that Suga had the audacity to insult him after trying to shove his tongue down his throat twice and then ignoring his question. Suga smiled. He loved it when Daichi was like this. "Still trying to figure out what I'm up to?"

"Shut the hell up, Suga! What are you doing!?"

Enough play time. Suga stood up and grabbed the back of Daichi's head and slammed his mouth against Daichi's. This time he forced Daichi's mouth open with his tongue before he straight up shoved it in the moist opening. He only stopped when he heard Daichi sputter for air. Suga pulled back with a grin. "Figure it out yet, Daichi? Or do you need another example?"

Daichi was seriously pissed at this point. "So you have a crush on me! That doesn't give you the right to do that to me!"

Suga just grinned. "Is that why you didn't pull away any of the three times I did it? Is that why you didn't just walk out after any of them? Is that why I've done all of this and all you've done is ask me what I was doing? None of that gives me the right to do it?" Suga looked at Daichi falter. "Not to mention, I know you're straight, but," he rubbed his hand against Daichi's groin, "this means you like this. Am I wrong? Are you not enjoying it?"

Daichi tried stepping back. Not easy when he was being held in place by Suga. That boy was stronger than he had given him credit for. "Just because I'm kind of hard doesn't mean that I like you like that."

Suga let go of Daichi. "No it doesn't. It does mean your body likes it though. And when else will you get this chance?"

"It would be awkward. Also, I really don't want to do anything with

you." Daichi didn't want to hurt Suga's feelings, but he really never wanted to do anything with a guy. "Either way, you're straight too. Why are you doing this?"

Suga shrugged. "No idea, you are the only guy I've ever fantasized about. I figured I could try and see what could happen. Like I said, I was being stupid. Let's just go."

Daichi grabbed Suga's sleeve and pulled him back into his face. "You've fantasized about me before?" Suga gulped at the look Daichi was giving him. It was so hot. Daichi held up his stare for a few seconds before asking, "What happened in them?"

Suga blanched. Did Daichi really ask him what he fantasized about? He couldn't answer that. It was too embarrassing. Daichi pulled Suga back so hard that he fell on the ground. "Tell me and maybe..." Daichi's cheeks flushed red, "and maybe I'll tell you a secret as well..."

Suga gulped. He hadn't seen Daichi get embarrassed often. It was actually kind of cute. And what secret was he talking about? Did it involve him. Suga swallowed hard. The thought turned him on.

Suga grabbed the bottom of Daichi's jacket and yanked him down on top of him before flipping him underneath him. He unzipped Daichi's jacket and yanked down his shirt's collar and bit him right in the middle of his collarbone. "There was that." He slid one hand up underneath Daichi's shirt and made it travel across his chest and tweek both of his nipples a little bit. Daichi giggled.

"What was that for? Are you ticklish there"

Daichi shook his head laughing. "No, I just never understood why people like playing with nipples so much."

"You don't like it when people play with your nipples?"

Daichi shrugged, "I don't mind, it just does nothing for me."

Suga laughed. "Fine then. I also thought about this." He leaned his head down to kiss Daichi's thick neck as he rubbed his hand down Daichi's abs and started to massage them. "Mmmm," Suga lifted his head up for a second, "harder than I thought they'd be. I'd enjoy doing that immensely..."

Daichi was terrified by the demonic hunger in Suga's eyes. "What would you enjoy?"

"Depending on your secret, you might find out." Suga continued making out with Daichi's neck and trailing his hand over his abdominal muscles. "And one of my first ever fanatsies... was this." Without any other prior warning Suga slid his hand down Daichi's pants and began to caress his manhood.

"SUGA!" Daichi exclaimed in complete and utter surprise. His best friend had just shoved his hand down his pants. This was already at an extremely weird level of awkward.

Suga just looked up at Daichi with eyes, glazed over with lust. "This is only part of that fantasy," he said as he brought his hips down

and rolled them against his hand and Daichi's member through both of their pants. Daichi looked away. This shouldn't feel so good. "C'mon Daichi, don't you want to feel mine?"

Daichi flinched at the voice Suga just used. It was absolutely terrifying. And also somehow exciting. "Fuck it, you already have your hand in my pants, what more harm could this do?" He slid his hand into Suga's pants and grabbed hold of his best friend's dick and began to rub. Talk about awkward.

"Mmmm, yeah, just like that," Suga moaned as he continued grinding against Daichi. "Would you like to know another one of my fantasies Daichi?"

It was getting really hard to concentrate with Suga's ministrations on his mind but he somehow managed to hear his question through them. "If it's anything like...mmmm... this, then yes. For the love of god tell me." Daichi continued to moan. Suga's hand was perfect for this, not rough and hard like his.

Suga yanked his hand out of Daichi's pants and stopped his grinding altogether. When Daichi stopped and looked up at him in surprise, Suga grabbed his arm and began to manually move Daichi's arm to keep him masturbating him. "Then tell me yours or I'll walk out right now."

Daichi looked up at Suga and could tell from that cold look that he was not kidding. He blushed. He did not want to tell Suga something so...well...wrong, for a lack of better term. But Suga's grip on his arm made him stay in place. How in the hell did Suga manage to keep his poker face while using Daichi's hand as his own personal pocket pussy? "Tell me Daichi. Or else, once I cum, I'm out and we'll never talk of this again." Daichi grew pale at the glare Suga was giving him whilst still handfucking him.

"I thought about fucking you a few times before." Daichi grew red and looked away. Wow, they really needed to vacuum this floor more often. He felt Suga bite down on where his neck met his shoulder. It burned a bit and then he felt a warm liquid drip out. His face turned so hard to Suga that he was shocked he didn't get whiplash. "Why are you making me bleed you bastard!?"

Suga giggled, "As in you topping me or me topping you?"

Daichi glared at this pompous asshole in front of him. No way was he going to let him win at this. If it was happening, he was going to take control of this situation. Suga had had the control for way too long. "What do you think you little bitch?"

"Well, you are you kind of a sissy at times, so you want me to pound your butt?"

Daichi looked up in fear. No matter how good someone was at science, there never has been and never will be anything written down as scientific law as to how the hell Suga looked so innocent and adorable whilst both talking dirty and grinding his dick into Daichi's hand.

"Absolutely not. Who do you think you are, the captain." Daichi flipped Suga over onto the floor and climbed on top of him. "You're

the vice captain. That means you're second in command. I'm first in command, so you'll do whatever I say." Suga stared into Daichi's serious eyes for a second. Then he busted out laughing. Daichi pulled back, startled. This gave Suga enough time to kick Daichi in the stomach and get him off of him. While Daichi was doubled over in pain, Suga pulled off his jacket and shirt and walked over to Daichi. Daichi wheezed and looked up to see Suga's shirtless form walk over to him. He's seen Suga shirtless plenty of times, but for some reason his smooth and lean figure was exceedingly attractive to him. And damn those legs. Suga was standing over Daichi's curled up form. He made use of this position to push Daichi down onto the ground. Once he was "seated" Suga yanked off Daichi's jacket and shirt so quick, Daichi couldn't believe it.

Suga jumped down onto Daichi's lap, right on Daichi's special spot, much to the later's discomfort. This was forgotten quite quickly; however, when Suga shoved his tongue down Daichi's throat and began to grind up against him. Suga pulled back for air and laughed.

"I might be the vice captain, but don't ever think you have control over me." Before Daichi could make a retort, Suga's tongue shot back into his throat. Then Suga did... something... with his hips and Daichi almost screamed in pleasure. Suga pulled back from Daichi with a smug smile.

"If that's all it takes then I'll finish this quickly."

What? Daichi wasn't sure that he wanted to do all of this with Suga, but damn was he making him want it bad. He also didn't want to finish too quick. This was basically a once in a lifetime chance. He almost grunted in frustration when Suga bounced up off of him. Suga looked up at him from his newly attained crouching position.

His lips curved up into a mischievous smile. Dammit, this guy could be hot if he wanted to. And then he felt his pants come down in one swift motion. That settled it. Suga had magic hands. He looked at Suga as his teammate scoffed at him.

"What is it?"

Suga shook his head. "I don't really care, but seriously do you expect people to give you a blowjob with a bush like that?"

Daichi looked down at his untrimmed hair and then back at Suga's pouting face. "Sorry, I figured people, especially guys, didn't do that. None of the girls I've been with have ever said anything about it."

Suga tsked at his captain's ignorance. "They were just trying to be polite. Poor girls probably had hairballs for the next three days."

"It isn't that bad! And what are you some kind of shaven angel!?"

Suga's evil grin crept back onto his innocent face. Seriously, Daichi had to figure out how this person came off as so innocent.

"Do you really want to see it that bad, Daichi?"

Not only has Daichi seen it before due to showers after matches, but he had also accidentally walked in on Suga once before when he was staying the night for a finals study session and Daichi sort of forgot that he was there and didn't knock before going into the bathroom. This; however, was a completely new way of looking at his friend's cock. And he'd be lying if he only wanted to see it.

Before he got the chance though, he felt a nice warmth around the tip of his manhood. In just the second for Daichi to be stunned by Suga asking if he wanted to see his penis, Suga had stripped off his pants and boxers and had gotten into a plank-like position so that Daichi could watch him play with himself as he began to suck Daichi off. Seriously, how in the hell was he so good at this kind of stuff. Daichi himself was no slouch, but did the girls Suga date even bother with a bra after their first time with him. It's be off before they had ordered dinner.

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><p>Suga was enjoying the saltiness of his captain's manhood, but soon got bored with just playing with himself. Why should he have to do all the work. He laughed. From the way Daichi moaned, evidently he enjoyed the laughing. So with his nice little sex smile, Suga took his mouth off of Daichi's throbbing member, drawing out quite the grumbling from his best friend, and placed his hands up in push-up position. He looked Daichi in the eye and smirked even wider.<p>

"I'm bored, you're having all the fun. I'm going to teach you how to share." Daichi's mouth almost broke off from how quickly his jaw fell when Suga pushed himself up and bent his back so that his feet and legs were right alongside Daichi's ribs and his dick was right in front of Daichi's face.

"You can blow me now, Captain," Suga added with a jeer.

The angle he had to lift his head and neck up were hard and not at all fun, but he did get to see what Suga was talking about. Although not completely shaven, Suga had trimmed his hair down so it wasn't easy to see. Daichi rubbed his hand, also uncomfortable with having to move around Suga's legs, along his best friend's pubic region. He had to admit, it was a nice texture. And then Suga stopped altogether. Daichi snapped back into reality once he realized that nice, hot moisture was no longer lubing his cock. He proceed to lick Suga's balls, up along the shaft and just barely managed to reach the head with his tongue.

"Suga, I can't suck you off from this angle."

His fellow teammate sighed in frustration. "I try to do this to be sexy for you and all I get is a -I can't do it-, fuck off." Suga bent back into his previous position. "I have sucked you off and now you can't even return the favor?"

Daichi was stunned, he didn't want to piss off Suga, especially not after what they had been doing. "I didn't mean that I wouldn't do it, just that I couldn't do it that way."

Suga stood up in front of Daichi and glared down at him. Then a devilish twinkle shone in his eyes. "Fine, I'll forgive you." Daichi

sighed in relief. "But only under one condition." Daichi continued looking up at his vice captain.

Suga's eyes dimmed down to their usual shininess and a playful smile crept across his face. "You are going to gag on my dick for fifteen seconds." He leaned in closer to Daichi and whispered into his ear, "And I mean my whole, throbbing cock you little prick." When Suga pulled back from Daichi's ear, Daichi noticed that his expression hadn't once changed from that playful smile he wore when encouraging their first years. He was scarier than him when he was angry.

"And lets begin!" Daichi hadn't had a chance to prepare for Suga's dick to slam into his mouth. He had to grab it before it tore into his throat.

Suga pouted, "That's not what we agreed on Daichi, don't you want me to forgive you?"

Daichi looked up at his best friend slightly repulsed, "I'll deep throat you, but on my own whim. You can't just shove your dick down someone's throat and expect them not to react to it. Seriously, no wonder all the girls break up with you and tell their friends not to date you."

Suga squatted down in front of Daichi and smiled his normal smile for about five seconds until he punched Daichi square in the stomach.

"Do you think I'd ever do that to a girl, you moron? I wasn't even going to do it to you. I felt your throat and before I could stop myself you grabbed my dick so hard I thought it would fall off. So just for that, it's now for twenty seconds."

Daichi sighed. No matter how this ended up, he was going to fuck Suga now. It wasn't a even a matter of an awkward friendship afterwards or experimenting with a boy. No, this jerk had made everyone think he was a sweet little angel and here he was punching Daichi for not sucking his dick properly. Well then, he would ruin Suga to the point that that dickhead wouldn't walk straight for the whole month. He began to swallow up Suga's dick when he felt a soft hand on the back of his head.

"Mmm, yeah. Just like that you little bitch."

That settled it, he was definitely going to destroy that dude's ass after this was over.

* * *

><p>"Eighteen, nineteen and... twenty." Suga let go of Daichi's head and the raven haired boy yanked his mouth off of his silver haired teammate's dick, coughing from all of the gagging and saliva.<p>

"Mmmm, that looks yummy." Suga leaned down and licked the saliva hanging from Daichi's lips and chin. "How'd you enjoy that Daichi? Fun wasn't it?"

And now as he promised, he was done with Suga's crap. He pulled the smaller boy off of him and threw him onto the ground. He reached into

his pants' pocket and pulled out a roll of condoms and ripped one off. Suga looked at Daichi with a big old grin on his face, like he thought it was adorable that Daichi was going to have sex with him. Daichi put on the condom and glared over at Suga. "I'm not having sex with you."

"Excuse me?" The glare Suga was giving Daichi was overwhelming, but Daichi held his ground.

"I said I'm not going to have sex with you. He walked over to Suga and pinned him down to the ground. "I'm going to fuck your ever-loving brains out. And once I fucked them out, I'm gonna fuck everything else out of you too until you're nothing more than a sex doll that I have to throw out."

Suga locked eyes with him, "Try me."

Daichi took the challenge. He flipped Suga over and went to shove a finger into his friend's hole but discovered a black plug in it. "What the fuck?"

Suga smiled, "I'm always prepared." He continued smiling as he reached his hand around to pull out the butt plug. "I didn't now how this would end with you, but I figured I'd be doing some ass-play tonight no matter the outcome."

Daichi looked at his teammate in shock, "You play with your ass?"

Suga nodded, "Yup, it's fun every once in awhile. You should try it sometime. I could teach you." His face broke into his sly grin again. Daichi was done with that smile.

"Then if you're already prepared, guess I can just ram into you."

"Start off slowly still. My hole is a sweet virginal hole."

"Bullshit. Not with how good of a poker face you have."

Daichi realized he had said the wrong thing when Suga sat up, pushed Daichi down and straddled him, his cheeks surround his manhood. "I have never had anyone in my butt, only fingers and since evidently you think I'm the nympho, I'll act like it. He pinned down Daichi's arms behind his head and began kissing his neck and chest while rubbing his dick across Daichi's stomach and his buttcheeks against Daichi's member.

"How do you like that, huh, captain?"

Daichi couldn't believe that Suga had him pinned down. And good too. Even if he wanted to escape the grip, he didn't know if he would be able to.

Suga sat up and took one of his hands behind him and grabbed Daichi's cock. "This is how you enter someone." He squeezed Daichi's cock just for his own amusement. He shouldn't have called him a slut. He then slid slowly onto the team's captain's member. He got halfway down before he let his first moan escape him.

"Damn, that was hot."

Suga opened his eyes to see Daichi staring straight at him, aroused to the point that he was no longer second guessing this thing going on between them. Suga managed to slide down the rest of the way, with only mild discomfort. That buttplug really had helped out a lot more than he thought it would have. The lube on it probably helped out as well. Once he was situated he laughed.

"What is it?" Daichi was confused by Suga's laugh.

"Oh nothing," Suga continued laughing. "Just that if you wanted to stop now, it would be kind of pointless."

Daichi turned his face to the side. "Just tell me when you're ready."

The sudden jolt of movement along his crotch was probably not what most people thought of when they were told to let their partner know when they're ready. Suga, evidently was not like other people. He had taken complete control over Daichi. If Daichi tried to thrust, Suga would lean down and both, pin down Daichi's hips and headbutt him in the chin. Daichi ended up just laying there, terrified to do anything else.

"Oh, did I hurt you, Daichi. Sorry. You can try moving too, you know. It makes it more enjoyable for the both of us."

Daichi was going to kill him. "Every time I try anything though you pin me down and headbutt me!"

"What was that? Sorry, I don't speak bitchiness." Suga stared down at his partner, smiling like a demon.

Daichi was done with this crap. How could sweet little Sugawara be such a massive asshole. He grabbed Suga's cheeks mid-thrust and picked him up and carried him over to the cubbies of the activity room.

"Oh, change of location. Shocked such a wussy can carry me at all, not to mention a whole fifteen feet."

Daichi refused to answer Suga. Instead he stared him straight in the eye and rammed all the way up into him as fast as he could.

Suga let loose a moan. "Again. Right there."

Daichi continued to pound him in that spot until he felt Suga's hands on his face.

"Slide out, I want to try something."

Daichi looked at his teammate and slammed right back into him once more before pulling out. He wasn't going to last much longer at this rate.

"What is i-"

Before he could finish his question, Suga's back was in front of him

and Suga managed to to lift one of his legs up over Daichi's shoulder and behind his head and effortlessly slide his hole right back onto Daichi's cock. Daichi liked this perspective a lot. He looked at Suga's body. A whole lot. He waited for Suga to move but,

"Daichi, I can't really move well like this, so you'll have to do all of the movement, got it?"

Daichi slammed his tongue down Suga's throat and slammed up into him full force to illustrate that he got the point.

* * *

><p>"Oh man!"<p>

"What is it, Hinata-kun?" Yachi looked over at her orange headed friend who was walking her to her house along with Kageyama and Tanaka.

"I forgot my house shoes at school. I need to go get them." He looked over at the other three with a stupid grin on his face. "Sorry, but I'll see you guys tomorrow."

He hopped onto his bike to head back to school to the sounds of -bye Hinata-kun- and -dumbass-.

* * *

><p>"Fuck, yes, just like that Daichi! Harder, harder!"<p>

"If I could do it harder or faster I would be you slut!"

"Fuck off!"

Daichi continued pounding Suga's hole. He didn't understand why Suga was trying to piss him off, but damn it was hot. Neither one was going to last much longer.

* * *

><p>"House shoes, house shoes, where are you? Find you now or find you later? Now or later? House shoes, house shoes, where are you?" Hinata had been to his locker, his classroom and even the gym and still no sign of them. Evidently his song wasn't working out too well for him. The only other place he could figure that they'd be was in the club activities room. Well, only one way to find out.

"House shoes, house shoes, where are you?..."

* * *

><p>"There! Fuck! Fuck! Yes! Fuck!"<p>

Hinata was shocked when he walked up to the clubroom door and heard Suga-senpai cursing like a sailor. He never heard him say things like this before, or this loud. He must really be upset about something. Hinata smiled to himself. He could grab his shoes and then help out his senpai who was always so helpful to him. Big mistake.

He began opening the door, "What's wrong Suga-sen-"

"FUCK YES!" Two voices screamed in unison as the orange head was in shock as a stream of white liquid shot into his open mouth.

"GAHHHHHH!"

The two coming off their high, rather quickly due to the scream they just heard, looked forward and joined in the screaming as well.

"HINATA!?"

* * *

><p>Why was Hinata avoiding Suga-senpai and Daichi-senpai? No one could figure out why. The only thing they noticed was that Hinata would cover his crotch if Suga-senpai was in front of him and his butt if Daichi-senpai was behind him. He really was a strange one. It wasn't bothering anyone until he missed Kageyama's fifth set-up in a row.<p>

"What the hell, dumbass!? You aren't paying attention! You just keep staring at Daichi-senpai and Suga-senpai and covering yourself! Do they make you need to use the toilet, dumbass!?"

Hinata blanched. He had promised to keep what he had seen, heard and, much to his distaste, tasted. He gagged at the memory.

Daichi stepped in between the two first years. "It's not his fault, Kageyama. When he came back to get his house shoes, me and Suga were discussing our upcoming tournament and trying out a new treat."

Suga was happy no one was looking at him, he had to cover his face to hide his smirk.

Daichi continued on with his explanation. "It was a new protein shake and Suga let Hinata try some of his. And well, it didn't agree with his tastebuds, or his stomach evidently. Hopefully he'll feel better soon." Daichi looked over at Hinata.

Hinata looked at his captain and glanced over at his vice-captain, who unfortunately looked as though he was about to burst out laughing. The Suga's protein shake really got to him. He sighed. "I'm fine. Just because I'm fine with something doesn't mean I want to deal with it. It's like Kiyoko-senpai. She's fine with Tanaka-senpai and Nishinoya-senpai, but she doesn't want them up in her face overly-excited constantly."

Suga looked up at Hinata, having managed to contain himself.

"So you don't like the protein shake that much, should we just get rid of it?"

Hinata shrugged. "I never said get rid of it. Just don't put me in a position to ever taste it again. Or look at it so intensely. It was chunky. Honestly, I don't know why someone would ever want to drink it, but people like what they like. Just don't ever, ever, ever...ever, ever make me drink it again, please. Actually, you

should only drink it where no one else will accidentally drink it. That would probably be best."

Daichi and Suga laughed at their kouhai.

Daichi looked at Hinata, "You do have a point. Although honestly, making the shake is much more fun than drinking it. You get to measure everything out and then shake it until it's ready for you to drink. And even if it does taste nasty, it's supposed to be good for you."

Hinata looked at Daichi with a stern look, "So is proper rest after strenuous activities. You shouldn't just do one right after another."

Suga curled up on the ground laughing.

"Stop...please for the love of God, stop. I can't breathe."

The whole team looked at Suga in such a strange state. What the hell was wrong with him?

Daichi looked at Hinata. "Don't worry, we'll keep it at home from now on. And thanks for being okay with it."

Hinata glanced up at his captain with the same steely look in his eyes that scares their opponents and whispered in a cold voice to his captain, "I'm not okay with it. Suga-senpai came in my mouth. I don't care if you two are like that. I don't care if you two want to be married. I don't care if you don't want the team to know, although I'm pretty sure they wouldn't care. But, I will never forgive you for ruining my mouth like that."

Daichi sighed and rubbed the back of his neck, "Anyway we can pay you back for having to deal with that?"

Hinata's smile matched Suga's devil from last night way too accurately to not startle Daichi. "Yup! Free meatbuns for life."

Daichi sighed, he did deserve some kind of recompense for what he had went through. But, for life?

"Two years."

Hinata stared at his captain until he realized he wouldn't budge.

"Fine. But you will also babysit my sister for the next year anytime I desire one of you two to do it, no matter what. Deal?"

"Deal."

The two shook hands until Hinata remembered where that hand had been last night. And what it had been covered in.

"GAHHHHH! BATHROOM!"

Daichi laughed as Hinata raced off to clean off his hands. He

couldn't blame him. That would have shocked anyone who had walked in on it.

End
file.